

The Youth's Instructor

Quit You Like Men!

By V. E. HENDERSHOT

A Senior Presentation Day Address, Pacific
Union College, Angwin, California

EVER since the year of its founding, this college has been turning out a succession of graduating classes. The first one was very distinguished, of course, because—it was the first. Next in importance is the one to which we are being introduced today, because—it is yours. There has been one important one in between: the class of 1917—that was mine!

You, as students of the college, have watched yourselves pass through the green stage of freshmanry, the arrogant period of sophomoreship, the servant apprenticeship of juniordom, emerging at last today, the seniors triumphant. The faculty of this college have served with sympathetic interest this metamorphosis. We observers from without see before us today the near-finished product, the present-day senior, the potential leader of tomorrow.

Recently H. G. Wells, noted British author, observed: "Some years ago I wrote that the salvaging of civilization was a race between education and catastrophe. Nowadays I am forced to add a qualification. Education has not even started yet. There is no race. It looks like a walkover for catastrophe." We are almost forced to agree with him. It surely appears that education, as the world offers it, is no match for the global catastrophe that has overtaken us, and that the only hope of civilization is the one element that popular education leaves out, the education of the soul.

The pessimism of the distinguished gentleman does not apply to education as offered in Christian colleges of the type of Pacific Union. The international and global activities of the sons

The challenge which this address brought to the 1945 graduating class and students of Pacific Union College rings out to every young man and young women of the great second advent movement. We offer it for your perusal with the prayer that it will inspire you anew to "expect great things from God" and to "attempt great things from God."

and daughters of previous classes reflect the unrestricted vision of the founders of this institution of learning. That vision has resulted in the sending of messengers of good will—educators, medical practitioners, clergymen—literally to the ends of the earth.

China, Ethiopia, India, can testify to the leading role of medical missions established by those of the second-advent faith. South America and Africa can testify to the contribution of our educational system. The islands of the sea have felt the impact of our principles. No catastrophe can obliterate such outstanding contributions.

Interesting indeed was a letter sent to

me by four large Dyak villages surrounding Mount Grogok in the land of the White Rajah, Sarawak, Borneo. It was addressed to the director of the Seven Days Adventure Mission and read: "Government officers tells us best mission S.D.A., not so good mission S.P.G., very poor mission R.C. Please you come, we build house, we cook food, we make God very pleased." Governments the world around know us. They frequently recommend our system.

Sadhu Sundar Singh, a famous Sikh convert in India, made it clear that the unique thing about Christianity, the religion of his adoption, is the Christ. If indeed Christianity is not unique, there is no special point in taking it to non-Christian lands. Our Alma Mater has caught its uniqueness from the Founder of the Christian faith. The preservation of that uniqueness is the greatest privilege of graduates of this college.

This year's class will become graduates in a time called by many the most perilous years in the world's history. How essential therefore that each graduate shall quit

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PHILIP GENDREAU

Scores of Tired, Worn Missionaries Must Return to the Homeland, and Stronger, Younger Hands Take Over

Let's Talk It Over

A SABBATH SCHOOL teacher stood before his class of sixteen-seventeen-year-olds.

"Boys," he said with a smile, "before we begin the study of the lesson for the day, I'm going to give you a 'nickel quiz,' just for a pepper-upper. Ready?"

"All right—give me two texts in the Old Testament and two texts in the New Testament that show the seventh day of the week to be the Sabbath."

Then with watch in hand he waited, counting off each minute as it passed. There was a great scurry for the one Bible available. Dick had brought his, but alas, it had no concordance in it! Allen borrowed the teacher's Book for his end of the row.

Jerry puckered his brow in earnest thought and suggested that in Genesis, right after creation was finished, it says God rested, blessed, and sanctified the Sabbath. Ah, here it was! George fairly shouted the reference: "Genesis 2:2, 3."

"Here's one! Here's one!" Dick and his assistants were deep in the New Testament. "Right here in Matthew, the twenty-eighth chapter, where it tells about the women coming to the sepulcher where Christ was buried after His crucifixion. Here—le-me read it—no, I will: 'In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week—'"

"Three minutes gone; two minutes left." Mr. Blake was looking serious.

"Where on earth does it tell about the disciples going through the cornfields on Sabbath, when Jesus said that He is Lord of the Sabbath? Can't any of you dumbbells think?" Al growled his question just as Art reached over and hastily turned the pages of the Bible he held to the beginning of Mark's Gospel, ran his finger and his eye down the columns of the first chapter and to the closing verses of the second. "Here 'tis! Here 'tis—the twenty-third verse to the twenty-eighth!"

"One minute left! Three texts—only three!"

"Hey, fellows! We've forgotten the most important of all! Exodus 20 and the fourth commandment! There! That's our four texts! Do we all get a passing grade, Mr. Blake?"

"Time's up!" The teacher smiled as he slipped his watch back into his pocket. "And you 'passed,' but I couldn't say you did so with flying colors—could I?"

"Well, but, Mr. Blake!" Clint protested, "asking us for texts 'right off the bat' like that wasn't just fair. Didn't we have to have time to think?"

"Someday you may be called upon to give a reason for Sabbathkeeping or some other point of your faith, without any time to think. In a year or two you fellows may all be in the armed forces, if this terrible war isn't over by the time you are eighteen, and once there you can never tell when or what you may be asked about this 'peculiar' religious belief which you hold. But you can be certain of one thing: You won't have any time to hunt up a concordance or work out a Bible study. You'll have to answer on the instant, 'right off the bat,'

as Clint says. Let me tell you a story that is to the point.

THIS experience came to a young man in the Australian army, but the same test in one form or another has come to many of our boys in other armies in other parts of the world—even here in these United States of America.

"This young man was just over eighteen years of age when he was called into the militia. He first entered a camp where a number of Seventh-day Adventist lads were undergoing training, and had no difficulty in having freedom from routine duties on the Sabbath day. However, after several months in this camp he was transferred to a unit of more than three thousand soldiers in which he discovered himself to be the only Sabbathkeeper.

"On the first Friday in the new camp he approached his sergeant, reporting himself as a Seventh-day Adventist, and asked for the Sabbath privileges allowed under Australian army regulations. He received a rather gruff reception from the sergeant and was informed that no Sabbath privileges were granted in this particular camp. The lad then requested that he be paraded before his captain. This request also was refused, but he persisted, and it was finally granted.

"To this officer he presented his blue card, which each Adventist soldier is given by his local conference president, indicating that he is a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. On the back of this card were printed the regulations on which the claim to Sabbath freedom from routine duty by the one presenting it is based. The officer read the card, and then asked the lad what a Seventh-day Adventist is. The boy explained briefly and was surprised to hear the captain ask, 'Do you have a Bible? If so, where is it?'

"The young soldier responded that he possessed a Bible and that it was in his kit bag. He was then instructed to return to his tent and bring the Bible to his captain. This he did.

"As he stood once more in the presence of the officer, the man said: 'If you are a Seventh-day Adventist and keep the Sabbath you should know Scriptural reasons for such a practice. Read to me two texts from the Old Testament and two from the New Testament which indicate that the seventh day of the week is the Sabbath.'

"The young man did this immediately and without the least hesitation, somewhat to the surprise of the officer. He was then asked what he would do with his time while away from camp, if he was granted Sabbath freedom.

"He replied, 'I will go into the bush [woods, to us], read my Bible, study the Sabbath school lesson, read the Morning Watch, meditate, pray, and rest. That is how I propose to spend the day.'

"The officer then said, 'I will grant you freedom this once for tomorrow.' The boy saluted, withdrew to his tent, and when the Sabbath day dawned spent it just as he had indicated he would in answering his captain's question.

"When the Sabbath was over, he re-

turned to his tent, and a little later was visited by the sergeant with a curt command to report immediately to the captain. The boy responded promptly, and when he stood before the officer was asked, 'How have you spent this day? What have you been doing?'

"The young soldier replied that he had spent the day just as he had said he would spend it when questioned during their previous interview. He was surprised at the captain's next remark. It was, 'That is a true report. I have had you watched all day. You are dismissed.'

"Several hours later the sergeant again ordered this lad to parade before the captain. This time he went with considerable misgiving in his heart, wondering what was about to happen. He was greatly surprised when the officer inquired, 'Do you still have your Bible, my lad?' He answered in the affirmative. 'Will you please lend it to me?' requested the Captain. And of course he was glad to do so. At once he returned to his tent, got the Book, and handed it over.

"Sunday evening came. Once more the sergeant visited the tent of this young man and again ordered him to parade before the captain. This time he was not disturbed, for he felt that he was merely going to receive his Bible.

"My boy," said the officer, 'what you did yesterday I have done today. I have never felt so refreshed, encouraged, and strengthened in my life as I do this night. As long as we are together in this camp, you may do what you did yesterday and I intend to do what I did today. Can you secure a Bible for me? I want one for myself.'

"Needless to say, a Bible for the officer was at once ordered, and the young man and his captain both have found unmeasured comfort and sustaining grace in the study of God's Inspired Word. Now, just suppose that lad had not been able to give those four texts promptly and correctly! Just suppose!"

"That is a thought," mused Bill.

"But I thought we didn't need to think about how we will answer questions put to us about our faith," offered Jerry; "that the Lord would just put words into our mouths."

"True," agreed Mr. Blake, "but to that promise is coupled another with the added thought that He will 'bring all things to your remembrance.' It is found in the fourteenth chapter of John, if you care to look it up."

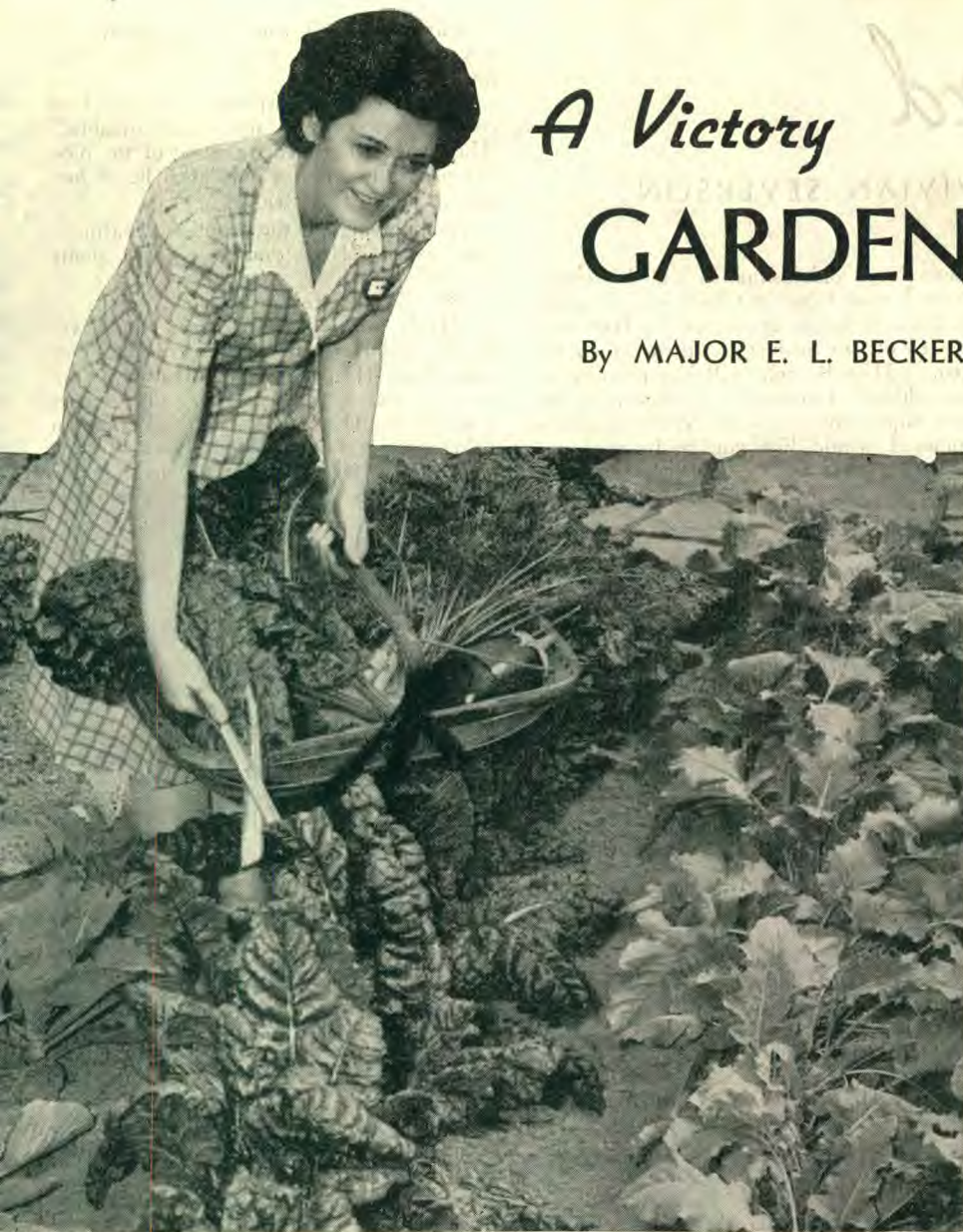
"Sure," put in Allen, "you have to know a thing before you can remember it!"

"What say we 'bone up' some, fellows?" suggested Dick. "And say, Mr. Blake, how about giving us a nickel quiz at the start of the lesson every Sabbath for a while. You choose the subjects and we'll study hard! Honest we will!"

And that's how the boys in one class in a certain Sabbath school are preparing for future tests.

Are you ready for yours?

Lora E. Clement



WING GALLOWAY

Have You Planted a Real Victory Garden—in Your Heart?

WHEN I left the United States, two years ago, there was much talk about Victory gardens among my friends; everyone, it seemed, had set aside a plot of ground, some large and others small, and was raising vegetables for victory. During the long months I have spent in Africa and Italy, I know from references in various magazines that the Victory garden movement is still a popular one.

You will be surprised to know that I, too, have a Victory garden, even though my life is a rather nomadic one. I have moved fifteen times in twenty months, and that might not be thought to leave me much opportunity for cultivating a garden or gathering in its fruit. But my garden is of a kind that is particularly adapted to that sort of life, for, you see, I carry it with me wherever I go. And it is truly a Victory garden, too. My garden plot is my heart, and the seed was sown by God's Spirit; the fruitage is victory—victory over sin.

When you planted your garden last spring, when you carefully placed the seeds for your carrots or your beans, or set out the tender young tomato plants, fresh from the hothouse, I wonder whether you heaved a sigh of relief and said to yourself, "There, *that's* over! All I have to do now is wait a few months, then come out here

and gather in a fine crop of vegetables—enough to last the whole family all winter." If you did, and if you carried out that policy through the summer, you probably spent a good deal of time going to the grocery store this past winter and carefully doled out your precious blue points for the kind of vegetables that come in cans. And this spring, when you sow your garden seed, you will resolve to devote much tender care to that seed during the long, hot summer months, for you will know that sowing the seed is only the first step toward reaping the harvest.

There are many Christians who have not fully learned the parallel of this little allegory in their spiritual lives. True, the seed of conversion has been planted in their hearts, but as the months and years go by, the earth bakes and cracks around the seed, the weeds of worldly cares and interests spring up and choke it, the unshaded sun of summer and the blasts of winter vent their strength on it. Then, after months or years of neglect, the Christian visits his garden again, and what does he find? Luscious, ripe fruit? Or a wilderness?

Dressing and keeping this spiritual garden has been called "growing up into Christ." The process by which that precious seed of conversion is caused to grow into a fruitful plant is not a short one, nor

is it easy and painless. Just as an earthly garden is kept by hard work, so by constant attention, constant cultivation and protection conversion is made to grow and blossom and bear fruit for Christ's kingdom.

No two individuals have quite the same spiritual experience, just as no two gardens are identical. My own "growing up into Christ" has been an arduous experience; every device that Satan knows he has used at one time or another to choke out the precious spark of life in that seed. And many times it has been work—harder by far than real manual labor—to keep the weeds of worldliness and the blight of sin from conquering.

As the plant of Christian experience grows, new dangers threaten it, for Satan will not always use the same tactics to discourage or trick the faithful follower of Christ. Once I said, "My besetting sin is thus and so. When I have gained the victory over it my path will be clear." But alas, it did not turn out that way. For suddenly I found that, all unawares, while I was concentrating on the weeds in my garden, the cutworms had come and started their work. Then the battle began all over again.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." And the price—if price it can be called—of a strong, thriving, fruitful Christian character is eternal vigilance against the devices and subterfuges of an evil power which is *constantly* working to beguile us from the right way. In that wonderful little book, *Steps to Christ*, by Ellen G. White, we read:

"Consecrate yourself to God in the morning; make this your very first work. . . . Thus day by day you may be giving your life into the hands of God, and thus your life will be molded more and more after the life of Christ."

"It is Satan's constant effort to keep the attention diverted from the Saviour, and thus prevent the union and communion of the soul with Christ."

"You are not to look to yourself, not to let the mind dwell on self, but look to Christ. Let the mind dwell upon His love, upon the beauty, the perfection, of His character."

"Our growth in grace, our joy, our usefulness,—all depend upon our union with Christ. It is by communion with Him, daily, hourly,—by abiding in Him,—that we are to grow in grace."

"If Christ is dwelling in our hearts, He will work in us 'both to will and to do of His good pleasure.' We shall work as He worked; we shall manifest the same spirit. And thus, loving Him and abiding in Him, we shall 'grow up into Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ.'"

It was a long, hard way I traveled, and there were many discouragements and many heartaches before the lesson of abiding always in Christ had been learned. Even now I sometimes forget; Satan's whispered suggestions and insinuations implanted in the thoughts are so specious, so plausible, that it is not hard, just for a moment, to lose the constant, strengthening presence of God's Spirit and go off on some tangent that leads to worldly thoughts or worldly indulgence. I know from experience that I cannot afford to lose my hold of God's leading hand even for an instant, because Satan is ready always to take advantage of that instant's carelessness.

But, though the way is long and hard, and sometimes the burdens seem almost

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Her Reward

By VIVIAN SEVERSON

GRADUATION! One by one twelve white-clad figures filed up the familiar aisle in the little chapel which nestled among magnolia blossoms and Spanish moss. The long-looked-for evening had come at last, and everyone seemed to realize what the occasion meant to each nurse taking her place in the front row. The music ceased. The chapel was hushed. What would the future bring? How can anyone know! Each nurse was busy with her own thoughts.

Jane Burton's eyes filled with tears as she understood the significance of her responsibility in so great a profession. The past, the varied experiences of student days, now seemed to be steppingstones to the unknown. Would she be able to cast a Christian influence upon those with whom she would associate? A firm determination to fill the place that God had chosen for her possessed her as she listened to the burning challenge of the commencement speaker's message. How happy she was as she received her diploma and accepted the congratulations of her many friends.

Another scene! On a hospital bed lay a dear, silver-haired woman gasping for her very life. The stabbing pain in her heart was intense. Jane worked quietly, quickly. The doctor had said to repeat the hypodermic injection every fifteen minutes. This one must give relief. Soon Mrs. Cornell was sleeping quietly. Everything would depend on rest now. The nurse tiptoed lightly out of the room.

Several hours later the light flashed. Jane left her charting immediately and hurried to her patient. Mrs. Cornell was awake and answered her cheery Hello with a faint smile.

"How do you feel?" Jane inquired brightly.

"Quite well, thank you." Mrs. Cornell enjoyed travel and had spent several years abroad. Her husband had been a wealthy lawyer and had left her a considerable amount of money at his death. During the course of her travels she had developed a heart difficulty which slowly sapped her strength. As a result she had come to this hospital in an effort to obtain relief from the pain which had become almost constant.

"Miss Burton," she said earnestly, "I have been watching you from day to day. You seem to be so different from the other nurses. I never hear you swear nor see cigarettes in your pocket. I wonder why this is."

"Have you ever heard of Seventh-day Adventists, Mrs. Cornell? I am a member of that church. I try to do nothing that would hinder me from taking Jesus with me wherever I go. I believe that if I did the things you mention I could not ask His protection or guidance. Therefore they hold no pleasure for me."

A faraway look appeared in Mrs. Cornell's eyes as she said hopefully: "I used to be a Christian, too. I remember well the times I knelt at my mother's knee. But somehow when I grew older such things as going to church and praying

seemed too old-fashioned, and I stopped. Now I wish I had not done so. It would be hard to begin again now." Her voice trailed off for an instant; then she continued. "Miss Burton, will you promise me something? I know that I am very ill and may slip away any time. When that time comes I would like you to be with me. Knowing that I have someone who is a Christian by my side would be a great comfort to me."

"I understand," answered Jane thoughtfully. "I will try my best to fulfill your wish. But I hope you will be with us for a long time yet. Let's not talk about it any more. Try to get some sleep now, won't you?"

"Yes, I do feel very tired. I think I can rest," the sick woman replied.

She steadily improved, and as time went on, was permitted to read. Jane gave her third-angel's-message-filled literature, in which she shared a deep interest, and continued to minister to her for several weeks. One day as she brought in her medicine, Mrs. Cornell seemed inclined to detain her.

"Miss Burton," at last she seemed to find the words, "I want to say how much I have appreciated knowing you. Now I think I can go through anything. Your life has shown me that Christianity does pay. I am no longer afraid to die. I am willing to accept anything the Lord has in store for me."

The day came when the doctor thought it would be better for Mrs. Cornell to be removed to a convalescent home. Jane was sorry to part with her new friend, but she was happy to know that she had had a little part in soothing a sin-sick soul with the balm of Christian love.

The scene changed again. There were long rows of little beds, each holding a tiny mite of suffering humanity. Jane Burton was silently moving from one little aching body to another, straightening pillows or cooling hot, feverish foreheads.

Over in the corner of the ward, where the warm sunlight could reach the bed, the nurse paused to bend over a little five-year-old Mexican girl. Lolita Cassino had developed infantile paralysis and had come to the hospital for treatment.

"Nurse," Lolita looked up pleadingly,

"I hurt so. Will you fix my pillow? I always feel better after you have been here."

"Yes, dear," whispered Jane. "I've come to make you more comfortable." The little girl smiled, thinking of the nice hot packs she knew would soon be on her poor, twisted little legs.

While giving her the promised treatment Jane asked, "Have you ever heard about Jesus?"

"No, who is He?"

"He is the very best Friend you have, Lolita, and He loves you very much. You cannot see Him, but He will always stay near to you if you ask Him. He wants you to love Him, too. Let's ask Him to help you get well; shall we?" Jane offered a little prayer quietly there in the corner of the ward, asking Jesus to come



KEYSTONE
Jane Determined to Make Sure of the Reward of All Rewards—the Crown of Life That Fadeth Not Away

near that small bed and be very close to the little girl.

"I feel better already, nurse," she said enthusiastically. "I think I'm going to love Jesus. I'm so glad you told me about Him."

From day to day as Jane cared for Lolita she found the child was always eager to hear more of the story of Jesus, always cheerful despite her suffering.

One day she said to her favorite nurse, "You know what I do? When I ache I think hard about Jesus and ask Him to come right here and make me so I won't hurt too much. And, you know, nurse, He does! It doesn't seem so bad when I know He is right here beside my bed."

"That's good, dear. I know Jesus helps His little friends. He helps me, too. Just keep on asking Him, and He will help you to get well."

As the days passed, Jane taught Lolita.
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The \$200,000,000 Question

PART THREE

By R. E. FINNEY, JR.

CONGRATULATIONS on the excellent work you are doing in trying to educate the public regarding the unscrupulous methods used by some mediums. You certainly are doing a very necessary job." These were the words written recently to me by Miss Rose Mackenberg.

Now, Rose Mackenberg, as you may or may not happen to know, was for some years special investigator for the great stage magician, Harry Houdini, in his crusade against false spiritualistic mediums. Through a chance acquaintance I had obtained her address and, feeling that she could answer some questions for me, I had forthwith dispatched to her an air-mail letter.

In that letter I had asked Miss Mackenberg three questions that I felt would be pertinent to this series of articles. And I was pleased with her prompt response.

The first question that I had asked Miss Mackenberg to answer was, "Do you believe that there is anything that occurs in spiritualistic séances that cannot be explained as natural occurrences that are made to appear as supernatural, either by trickery or by self-delusion?"

Her answer to this was, "As far as my investigations are concerned I am definitely satisfied that there is nothing in any case of the supernatural about Spiritualism."

My second question was, "Do you regard all mediums as conscious deceivers, or do some think themselves genuine?"

In answer Miss Mackenberg wrote, "Mediums are divided into two classes: the conscious fakes, and the mediums who believe that they hear voices and see forms."

The third question was, "Have you ever seen any phenomena in a séance which you could not explain as natural happenings?"

And the answer to this question was, "No, I have never witnessed any phenomena which could not be explained. I would class the mediums as third-rate magicians—nothing more."

And then Miss Mackenberg added these words in closing her letter, "The mediums are reaping a harvest from bereaved relatives of those who are killed in the war, and hope for a still greater harvest."

This is impressive testimony from one who has spent years of investigation of the Spiritualist's claims. However, it adds nothing to the fact that other investigators have reached the same conclusion. In spite of these careful scientifically conducted investigations, we must not hasten to conclude that they have finally proved that there are no supernatural manifestations connected with Spiritualism in any case. There is far too much evidence on the other side of the question, and it is attested to by too many intelligent people, to be lightly brushed aside. We cannot forget that the Scripture warns us that there will be masterful delusions in the last days.

We should be reminded by this, also, that we need to tread carefully when we seek for knowledge of life after death aside from what God has revealed in His Word. It tells us again that there is the hand of deception in this matter, whether all be deception or not.

And now we come to the question that we asked but did not answer in our last article. Is Spiritualism a Christian belief? To that I should like to add another question: Is it a dangerous belief?

Spiritualism is not a Christian belief. That it claims to be, I am fully aware, after having read numerous books on the subject, along with magazine articles and Spiritualist publications of various and sundry kinds.

First of all, let us remember that Spiritualism claims to be what it is not. It claims to be a means of communication with the dead, and that, if we are to believe our Bibles, it cannot be. In the first of this series of articles we learned that man does not possess a "soul" or "spirit" or any other entity that has consciousness after death. We learned that man is a soul as long as he is alive, that when he

dies he ceases to exist except in the mind of God and on the books of Heaven. If this is so, and the Bible is certainly plain on the subject, then no Spiritualist can give us contact with our departed loved ones. This, Spiritualism claims to do, and that claim therefore is untrue—a deception, whether conscious or not. If it is a conscious deception, then Spiritualists are unreliable and certainly not Christian. If it is unconscious, then the source of the Spiritualist's information is unreliable and certainly not Christian.

Beyond this, consider the philosophy of the "spirits," or of the Spiritualists, however you choose to refer to it. The claim of the Spiritualists is that the "spirits" have revealed certain things to them about life and the plan of salvation. What are these "revelations"? How do they check up with Christianity?

One of the first declarations that we find made by the "spirits," and one of the most common, is that there is no death. Here again we run squarely up against the plain statements of the Bible which we mentioned above. To deny the reality of death is a mockery of the revelation of the Bible which tells us that "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." 1 Cor. 15:26. Death came into the world when sin entered, and will hold sway until sin is destroyed. Paul wrote, in the same chapter, verses 51-54, "Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. . . . Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, *Death is swallowed up in victory.*"

Death rules all of us, and will continue to rule us, so far as our physical existence is concerned, until the last trump. Only with the eradication of sin and the setting up of God's kingdom on earth will we be able truthfully to say, "There is no death."

Then will be fulfilled the promise, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." Rev. 21:4.

This assertion that there is no death is not only a falsification on the part of the "spirits," but also a malicious one. The denial of death which the Bible records is the denial by the serpent in the Garden of Eden. This denial was made for the purpose of luring humanity into sin. The same object is held in view by the deceiver today. The denial of the reality of death by

J. W. WATERHOUSE, ARTIST

Not to Oracles, Ancient or Modern, but to the Living God, the Source of All Wisdom, Must Men Turn If They Would Understand the Meaning of World Happenings



Spiritualism is made for a reason which becomes apparent only when we more fully understand its philosophy.

What is the condition of man in this "spirit world" as revealed by the "spirits"? So far in my reading I have never yet read of any message transmitted by a "spirit" which is being punished for evil deeds done in this life. When the "spirits" have been questioned about their less righteous fellows—those who had been criminals in life and who have "passed over" into the "spirit world," they have told us that they are "less fortunately situated" than the good "spirits" or that "they are living upon another plane." This condition is always pictured as not being permanent and not as punishment but simply as inability to live upon a higher plane. The less fortunate "spirits" are being "helped" by the more fortunate ones and will soon be able to join them where they are, and accompany them as they all rise higher and higher in their planes of "spirit" living.

This concept is varied in one instance that I know of by the "revelation" that this rising process is accomplished through reincarnation. Another "spirit" reveals that life beyond this earth is taken up on the same plane as the one on which the person lived here.

Now, what is the meaning of all this? Simply that we are meeting, under various disguises, the old deception called the "second chance." Survey the false ideas about life after death prevalent in the world, with their purgatories, seven spheres, life planes, and the like, and you will immediately be struck with the commonness of the "second chance" idea. It is common, it is popular, and it is useful to Satan in his program of downfall for the human race, because it lulls the individual into doing nothing about his salvation. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." Eccl. 9:10. "The night cometh, when no man can work." John 9:4. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6:2.

Thus run the warnings of Scripture to the sinner, bidden to flee from the wrath to come, and to do it immediately. Procrastination is the devil's tool, and one which he loves to use, knowing its effectiveness. Spiritualism tells us that even though we are not so good as we might be during this life, there is really nothing to worry about. True, we may not be so happy as some others in the life to come, but we shall have the privilege of becoming as happy as they are, and, at any rate, there is nothing final about the fate that awaits us beyond the grave.

And so we see that Spiritualism is not only anti-Christian in its teaching about death but also anti-Christian in its teaching about salvation and the condition of man after death. Always remember, of course, that we shall be neither happy nor unhappy in death, actually—that we shall simply not be.

Spiritualism distorts our understanding of the nature of God. In no spiritualistic writings have I encountered the conception of a personal God as a loving heavenly Father, as we find Him depicted in the Scriptures. The common idea of God found in Spiritualism is rather pantheistic. God is all-present, a force, but not personal. God is in us. "Call Him God, Buddha, Mohammed, the Virgin Mary, the saints—I care not what you call Him," cries one Spiritualist. So it is that we find

Spiritualism giving us divergent pictures of the nature of God—none of them the picture we find so clearly drawn for us in the Bible.

With the foregoing thoughts in mind it will not be hard for us to understand how easily Spiritualism accepts the false doctrine of evolution. It was with surprise that I first came across this idea in a well-written and well-thought-out book on Spiritualism. The author not only advocated evolution as one of the greatest glimpses of truth ever received by man but also lashed out vigorously against ministers who preached what he called "the false idea of the fall of man." Man, he declared, had never fallen, and was doing splendidly considering the path over which

Gifts to Jesus

By

VIRGINIA
GRAHAM
MENDENHALL

I gave my heart to Jesus calmly:

This great gesture needed thought,
For one must know the age-old story—
How each soul through Christ was
bought.

I gave my will to Jesus gladly,

For my Lord spoke through my heart:
Yet all the gifts that I could give Him
Paid some price—but small the part.

I gave my all to Jesus humbly,

Joyous—yet tears fall the same.
Lord Jesus died on Calvary's hilltop—
May I hear Him call my name!

he had come, and the very long time it had taken him to come over it.

Spiritualism, then, is not only unchristian, it is anti-Christian also, as any error in the last analysis is, for it diverts minds away from the saving truth of the Bible.

In almost every account of Spiritualism which I have encountered, including that of the celebrated Fox sisters of early fame, I have been struck with the feebleness of the phenomena exhibited. If evil spirits are actually behind genuine supernatural manifestations, why should they manifest themselves in such trivial manners? I asked myself. Why should any angel, fallen or otherwise, bother to tip tables, speak through trumpets, or work a silly toy like a ouija board? While it is true that in a few reported instances communications have taken place on a higher plane than this, it is amazing to read the sober accounts, written by men and women of prominence, of just such goings on as we have mentioned. Why should this be? Why, when a "spirit" "materializes" for its photograph should it not be able to do a better job of it than the faint, out-of-focus samples that are shown and which would make any amateur photographer ashamed of himself? If there are evil spirits, and we know that there are, they must have knowledge far beyond that of human beings, and no person with intelligence and dignity would be bound to such makeshift methods as are used in the average séance

room. It would almost seem as if some power were *holding the spirits back!*

When that thought finally struck me, my mind immediately flashed back to an idea advanced by George McCready Price, which is in accordance with the Bible, but which had never occurred to me until I read it in his book *If You Were the Creator*.

Since this world is the battle ground of the conflict between Christ and Satan, and since this conflict is to end in vindication of the character of God, the battle must be fought out on even terms. God must not use powers which He denies Satan the right to use also; neither must the allies of either side be allowed to use methods denied to the other. We know that there are multitudes of angels on the side of God and other multitudes on the side of Satan. Both bands of angels would be glad to intervene in human affairs if they were allowed to do so—the good angels to help man toward salvation, the evil angels to lure man to destruction. But God knows that the conflict is confused enough, and to allow the angels to freely intervene would only complicate man's part in it still further.

In early times when men did not have the Bible as the written record of the plan of salvation, God allowed more intervention on the part of the angels and even communicated with man personally, as in the case of Moses. During these times He also allowed the cohorts of evil freer access to the world in personal form than they now have. However, as the record of the Word was completed and as mankind became educated to the use of it, the intervention of heaven in a direct manner was gradually withdrawn, and certain limits were put around mankind beyond which neither good nor bad powers were allowed to go. In certain areas of the earth in which mankind is not enlightened, active intervention may be more fully allowed than in the enlightened areas even today. This may be why we read of miracles more often in mission fields than at home and also why we read of the manifestations of witchcraft and devil worship in benighted countries. These are some of the ideas in Price's book which are relevant to our problem. This, I believe, explains in part why the evil spirits of Spiritualism are *held back*. They are *limited* by God. Their relatively feeble manifestations today are not what they *could* do or *would* do if they were allowed.

And what of the future? We are all familiar with the prophecy of Joel that "it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out My Spirit." Joel 2:28, 29. Thus we read that God is going to loose the powers of heaven, that the servants of God are to receive powers which they do not now possess.

Ellen G. White wrote of this time in these words:

"The advent movement of 1840-44 was a glorious manifestation of the power of God; the first angel's message was carried to every missionary station in the world, and in some countries there was the greatest religious interest which has been witnessed in any land since the Reformation of the sixteenth century; but these are to be *far exceeded* by the mighty movement under the last warning of the third angel. . . . (Continued on page 12)

Ask in Faith

By GUARDIANO B. MOSCOSO

JAMES, in his epistle to the followers of Christ, advises that they ask of God for what they need "in faith, nothing wavering," and adds that "he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think [if he is a man of weak faith] that he shall receive anything of the Lord." These words of Scripture seemed to have been embedded in the hearts of my parents, who were among the first converts of the American Protestant missionaries who went to the Philippines after the termination of the Spanish-American War in 1898.

They often told my brothers and me how happy they were in their new-found faith, and every evening they gathered their children—five of us—prayed with us and for us, and taught us how to pray. "Always pray to God every day, and if you make your requests in faith, He will hear you," they told us. But these godly parents both died during the world-wide flu epidemic of 1918, in the town of Badoc, Ilocos Norte, Philippines.

My brothers and I were in our teens when this blow fell. We were very sad, of course, and our grandmother, who took care of us, tried to comfort us. To help us forget our sorrow, she began selling the property left to us, in order to get money to provide us with good food, good clothing, and amusements, and to keep us in school, where we could enjoy the advantages of education with other children. It did not take long, however, until every property we owned had been sold for our support. Then we became very poor. My brothers and I were still too small to work, and my grandmother, who also feared God, told us that there was only one thing to do and that was to petition the God of heaven. Into our minds flashed the words we had heard from the lips of our parents, "Always pray to God every day, and if you make your requests in faith, He will hear you."

Day in and day out at early dawn we would join our grandmother in earnest prayer. Often we remained kneeling in prayer from half an hour to an hour. Weeks, months, a year, passed, and there was no answer, and our life was more and more miserable. But we did not lose our

confidence in God. We kept on praying until, after another year, He saw fit to answer our petitions by opening opportunities for my older brother and me to earn money. My brother was given a job as public school teacher although he was only seventeen years old, and I was invited to join one hundred families who were to migrate to a new and prosperous place in northern Luzon. There I was successful and prospered.

It was not long, however, until the whole community was stricken with malaria, a common malady in newly settled places in the Philippines. Every day one to three persons would die. I became afraid for my life, and I came to my heavenly Father to ask for protection. In faith I prayed to Him and He heard me. He protected me from that dreadful disease. I was the only one not at all affected, although I was the frailest of the group. I felt that the promise, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them," had been fulfilled to me.

Two years later my grandmother and brothers joined me in the new home. Unfortunately, crops failed that year and it was not long till there was a famine, not only in that place, but throughout the whole archipelago. Only the very rich had something to eat. Again we needed the help of God. In earnest prayers we sent up our petitions. One day the government brought in rice from Saigon, French Indo-China, and there was joy and relief among the people. But then, only those who had money could get rice. We had no money, but we had our confidence in God. We knew that if we would ask Him, He would give us what we needed. That very day when the government was selling rice, we prayed earnestly for God's providence; and after our prayer I started for the town market. About three hundred yards from my house I saw a glittering silver peso (fifty cents) on the road. With joy I leaped to pick it up, and with tears in my eyes I bowed down with thankfulness and gratitude in my heart. Yes, my God is a great and wonderful God. Has He not promised, "Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure"?

That one peso, of course, did not last

very long. We needed more help from God. One early morning, after we had prayed, my grandmother went to see the superintendent of schools in that province, who was an American; and through an interpreter he was able to understand her mission. He advised her to go to see the governor of the province, and unhesitatingly she went. God was surely with her, because after she explained about our difficulty he employed me and my brother as tutors to his children. We then had the best opportunity of getting food, as rations were issued from the governor's office. We gave all the praise to God for this evidence of His care.

Not only did we have food, but now we were able to attend school. The providence of God did not stop at that. Not long afterward my brother and I were offered jobs as timekeepers in the Bureau of Commerce and Communication in the province. In a short time I had saved a fairly good sum, which I used to pay my transportation to the Hawaiian Islands, where I hoped to earn more money.

Upon my arrival in Hawaii I was offered a good job as assistant to the sugar chemist in the Kilauea Sugar Plantation on the island of Kauai. Three months afterward I quit my job to accept a position as a portrait salesman. I made a good income after a year and was able to establish my own photography business. As time passed I became more and more prosperous and expanded my business until my pay roll amounted to over a thousand dollars a month. I had plenty of money, beautiful late-model cars, pleasures, and everything that a young man's heart could desire. I felt no need of help—human or divine.

At this time I married a godly Christian girl. With her I was able to go into other business ventures. I put up a fully equipped portrait studio and organized a company to engage in the motion picture business. Yes, I toyed with the idea of becoming a millionaire. I was so engrossed with the world that I forgot God completely. There was nothing in my mind but money, money, and more money. I trusted in my money, and it became my god. Yes, what the good old Book says about not being able to serve two masters is true.

Instead of making me rich, all my business ventures began to fail. I lost until I had gone heavily into debt. Coupled with my business losses was the sudden and shocking death of our child. Previous to this my wife had been taking Bible studies from a Seventh-day Adventist minister and had been baptized as a member of that church without my knowledge of it. That added to my misery, and I almost lost my mind.

Now I was humbled to the dust, and in my desperation I came to think of the God of heaven who had been good to me after the death of my parents. Even though I had forsaken Him I cried to Him in my trouble, and He lifted me up. I came to realize that security does not rest on money, that complete and absolute dependence upon God and watchfulness and prayer were my only safeguards, that the life is empty that seeks in earthly things its highest good.

At the persuasion of my good wife, who had been praying for my conversion into

FRED MAYER

On the Eighth Day About Eight o'Clock in the Morning We Were Close to the Famous Golden Gate Bridge



her faith for almost three years, I took Bible studies from Pastor T. Treat—at that time in charge of the Kapaa Seventh-day Adventist church—and was baptized and became a member of the commandment-keeping church six months later.

Under the blessing of God I began to make up my losses little by little and was able to go into business again. I was not, however, faithful in my Sabbathkeeping and tithe paying. I did not realize how grave my sins were until Pastor Arthur Delafield pointed out to me that I was robbing God of His time and money. He referred to Malachi 3:8-11, and I proved the Lord on those promises. He was faithful and true in fulfilling His part. Although my income was not large, I gave one tenth of it to the treasury of God and in addition made liberal offerings to the church and pledged liberally to other projects of the work of God. I was surprised to be able to save more. In many instances God has protected my income. I thank Him for His goodness and mercy to me.

At this time my wife and I began to be interested in having a part in giving the third angel's message in a personal way. We began to feel a burden for souls, and so with our little knowledge of the advent truth we began to give Bible studies. Then, through our efforts, we saw souls won to the fold of God. This gave us a thrill and much joy. We began to pray earnestly that somehow God would see fit to prepare us for a more efficient service in His vineyard. I decided to dispose of my business and go to school.

It took some time to make all these adjustments. For a time it seemed impossible for me to get away, but I firmly believe that prayer is the mightiest force in the universe. My wife and I kept on praying earnestly about it, and then this war put an end to my business, which gave me the opportunity to come to the United States to attend Pacific Union College to prepare for the ministry.

I began to sell everything I had, and the news that I was going to the United States to study for the ministry reached the ears of almost everyone on the island of Kauai. Their remarks were, "Ministry? What a fool he is! There is no money in the ministry!" I was despised and ridiculed. My only answer was, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

My family and I were called by the Military Transportation Service to proceed to Honolulu to await passage to the United States. We waited patiently for two months, but there was no room for us. I thought of looking for employment, as it seemed we would not be able to go to the mainland. One day I was offered a job as an operator of a new portrait studio at an entrance salary of \$300 a month with a promise of increase. That surely was a temptation. But my wife and I knelt down in earnest prayer and asked God to provide an immediate passage for us. On the following morning we were notified by telephone to be prepared to leave for the United States on the following day. With joy in our hearts we exclaimed in gratitude, "Surely God is wonderful!"

Unfortunately, my family and I were not allowed to sail on the same boat, but we were in the same convoy. Everything was in a rush, and I boarded my ship without knowing when or where I was going to meet my family in San Francisco. On the eighth day, about eight o'clock in the morning, we approached the famous Golden Gate Bridge. The beauty and grandeur of the bridge, with the impressive sight of the city of San Francisco, thrilled me more than anything had ever before thrilled me, because they reminded me of the joy which will be mine when I enter that beautiful city where "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

My joy, however, was changed to anxiety when, after I had disembarked, neither the navigation company, the Traveler's Aid, nor the Red Cross could help me in finding my family. Evidently, the ships in the convoy, ten in all, did not dock on the same day. It was prohibited by law to announce the arrival of ships, and no one could send a wireless to ships at sea. So there was no way of finding my family.

I said to myself, "Man's help has failed, but God's help will prevail." That night I knelt in earnest prayer and asked God to bring me to my family not later than ten o'clock the following morning. Early that morning I awoke and went to the pier. To my disappointment I was told that no ship would come in that day. I went back to my hotel, and when I was

(Continued on page 12)

I Saw Them Go

By INEZ CARR

I SAW him standing at the crossroads of life—tall, lean, thoughtful, a lock of black curly hair resting lightly on a finely sculptured forehead. An article which I had read during World War I came to my mind. It was entitled "I Saw Them Die." Suddenly I knew how that nurse felt as she had stood by the cots of teen-age youth, watching their loosening grip on the cord of life until they silently slipped away beyond her reach and care.

There were Joe and George and Frank and Jim. I saw them one by one come to the crossroads, look long and earnestly down the hill, then glance back at the road over which they had just been journeying. Joe said, "Why should I sit in a classroom all day when I can be out earning money and spending it? I don't need an education to get what I want." George said, "Aw, I've been in school all my life; I'm tired of it." Frank just fidgeted day after day, and then he was gone. "Why should I learn how to punctuate a sentence; the war will get me soon anyway," reasoned Jim.

You see, they were all seventeen-year-olds. If Joe had been eighteen he would have been looking with longing eyes at the seventeen-year-olds who could laugh and talk and study with his old buddies in the old-time freedom instead of writing, "Dear Mom—The Army is all right, but I sure wish I were back in school again." If George had been sixteen instead of seventeen he would have been looking forward to being in the eleventh grade next year, to

getting in a home run on the ball field at the play hour tomorrow evening (he knew "she" would be watching), and to being on the honor roll this period. But he was not sixteen, he was seventeen and getting the seventeen-year-old jitters.

If Frank had been eighteen and deferred by the Army because of a badly sprained ankle he would have said, "I'm sort of on probation; guess I better get all the education I can while I'm waiting." But he was not eighteen; he was seventeen and at the crossroads. Poor Jim, low in caliber, sang the old singsong, "What's the use, the Army or Navy will get me anyway." In other words, Might as well make a flop of life, because soon we will have to be ordered around by Uncle Sam instead of doing as we please.

Seventeen-year-old jitters are not all-inclusive, I am happy to say. Many a youth builds happily and well during that time a foundation to be used by the man he is so soon to be. Through right decisions he gains sinew and strength that will put him at the head of the class later on. He does not weaken the strands of life's bridgework with rust or decay or snap them off in a reckless moment, but adds fiber to fiber until, whether he is called to the colors or kept on the home front, he can take responsibility with calm assurance. He has done his best and knows that the Lord will supply the lack.

It is not merely Uncle Sam who is calling for youth at this vital age. Down

through the ages the Lord has always laid interesting, progressive, heavy responsibilities on youth of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, and twenty: Isaac, who carried a strange burden up the mountainside; Ishmael, who received refreshing water in a dry desert land; David, who used his slingshot for the Lord; Daniel, Esther, Timothy, and others. If these boys and girls had been saying, "Oh, what's the use of tending sheep, of risking my life, of always doing what grandmother wants me to do?" they would not have been at the right place at the right time when the right call came.

The world is waiting for seventeen-year-olds. The Lord will greatly increase their caliber, in a short time making them ready for the work of men. The devil is motioning to them from around the corner of the theater; he is juggling before them the dollar sign and sending his imps to make them restless and ready to call quits.

Once one could linger and dabble and then perhaps catch hold again, but now we are living in earth's last years. A dividing line is rising. It is growing into a wall silently and surely. Youth can still step over it, though it is not easy as it was a few years ago. It appears in our schools, in our homes, everywhere; you cannot help being on one side or the other. You cannot stand at the crossroads—a crowd is behind you.

Do you have what it takes to be a man at seventeen?

"I Will Guide Thee With Mine Eye"

A DAY IN THE WILDS

By F. A. Spearing

PART NINE

KOMATI POORT is situated on the borders of the Transvaal and Portuguese East Africa. It was here that Robert had to pass through the customs for the first time since commencing his trip. He had no difficulty about this, however, since he had "nothing to declare"! But Komati Poort lives in his memory for another reason. It was on his arrival there that he learned about the "hippos." The dictionary gives a longer name for these creatures, but that need not concern us, because everybody knows a "hippo" when he sees one!

"Have you seen the hippos?" asked a casual acquaintance of Robert while they were standing in the customs shed waiting for their luggage to be examined.

"Hippos? No! I have not seen any just lately. Excuse me, but I don't quite follow you."

"You know what a hippo is, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. I saw a couple of them at the London zoo a few months before I left for Africa."

"At the London zoo! How would you like to see them in the natural state?"

"I should like it very much—if it is possible."

"Well, all you have to do is to take a walk a few miles into the bush, and you'll see them right enough."

"That sounds thrilling! Is there any special time to go to see these awful creatures?"

"No, any time. Only you mustn't take a gun. The government won't allow them to be killed."

Robert had decided to leave Komati Poort for Lourenço Marques that evening, but now he revised his plan. He would catch the next train, twenty-four hours later. This meant staying one night in a hotel, which did not appeal to him at all, but it gave him the chance of spending a whole day in the bush, which *did* appeal to him.

Taking with him a stout stick, some sandwiches, a slab of chocolate, and a flask of water, the young man set out. Thrills? Adventures? He would surely meet one or the other! The path was wide and straight for the first mile or two; then it became narrow and winding. After walking a little more than a mile Robert met a Swaziland native. In his mind's eye he can see this stalwart today, with his long, tiny, tight curls, well mixed with oil and red clay, and his brown body treated in a similar fashion. By means of a few Zulu-Kafir words that he had picked up, and some gestures, the young man asked the Swazi boy if he would act as guide, promising him a reward

of sixpence. How this native understood what was being said was wonderful. It must have been a case of marvelous intuition! He *did* understand and agreed to the proposition.

The boy went on ahead, pointing out hippo tracks here and there until the river was sighted; then he stopped. He would go no farther; he did not like these inelegant creatures! He put out his hand for the sixpence, which he received, and then disappeared.

The trip into the bush had not been in vain. There they were—twenty-two of them, all in the water and apparently thoroughly enjoying themselves. Robert was breathless with excitement. Never in his short life had he seen wild animals in their raw state as he saw them now. He gazed at the monsters, each measuring a dozen or more feet in length and weighing probably from three to four tons! In some cases only the animal's nostrils would be seen above the water; in others, the greater part of the creature. Every now and then one would dive, swim for minutes under water, and reappear at a most unexpected place. All the time he was watching he was half afraid that one of the monsters might make for the bank at the spot where he was standing.

All the Time He Was
Watching He Was Half
Afraid That One of the
Monsters Might Make for
the Bank Where He Was
Standing



VERNON NYE, ARTIST

At last, realizing that he must get back to civilization, he turned his back on the river and looked for the path along which the guide had led him, but it seemed to have disappeared. There was no path to be seen! He went in the direction he thought he had come, but soon found that he had lost his way! He was now in great fear, as can be imagined, lest he should be compelled to spend the night in the bush. Had he been a more experienced traveler doubtless he would not have been so fearful. He prayed to the Lord most earnestly for guidance, and as He had so often done before, the Lord helped His timid child. No angel appeared, nor even a friendly native, but through the trees Robert saw smoke. Within a few minutes he was standing in the middle of an African village. His food had long since been consumed, and his water flask was empty. He did not feel particularly hungry, but he was tired and thirsty. He could have drunk quarts of cold water, but dared not take any. He could not be sure of its purity. He asked the village headman for some hot water, "very hot indeed," he said. What he wanted was water that had been boiled, but he did not know quite how to express himself in the native tongue. The headman poured some water from a vessel, that did not look too clean, into another, which was no cleaner, and put the latter on the wood fire that had already been kindled. The thirsty young man watched the water being heated, and suddenly remembered his chocolate! It had melted with the heat of the sun, but the would-be explorer scraped it from its package into the pot in which the water was being heated. Taking a native spoon, he gave a stir or two and then set the pot on the ground to cool. The stuff tasted rather horrible, but it was better than nothing at all.

Robert rejected the offers of bread and meat that were made to him by the friendly natives. The food did not look very appetizing! He decided that even hotel fare would be preferable! Doubtless had he been starving, he would have accepted the offer of food gladly.

While he could not talk much to his hosts, the young man was able to ascertain the way to Komati Poort, whither he went after half an hour's rest. The distance was not so great as he had anticipated. Evidently he had not taken the most direct road when he set out in the morning.

Some years later Robert saw a hippo at even closer quarters than on this occasion. The animal had been shot and killed by Europeans and dragged out of the water by scores of natives. It was for them a great prize. Having safely landed the immense carcass, they began cutting it up into chunks, which were immediately carried away to safety. This carving process was accompanied by shouts and angry gesticulations. Every man seemed to think he was being done out of his fair share of the spoil, and was determined to have his rights at all costs. The great

(Continued on page 13)



"Carrying the Torch"

By IRIS ELAINE YAEGER

THE home of Ricardo Ramos was distinctly different from the squalid dwellings of his neighbors, which were typical of that region of South America. Although Ricardo's house had only a thatch roof sheltering two small rooms containing humble furnishings, yet it was set apart by a certain air of neatness and cleanliness. The yard and house were not overrun by dogs, chickens, and pigs. Near by a fine, well-cared-for garden was growing in spite of the hard, stony soil.

The difference between Ricardo and his neighbors was evident not only in his material possessions but also in his person. He was neatly dressed, and there was a conspicuous absence of the metal ornaments so commonly seen upon his fellow tribesmen. Ricardo Ramos was a Christian.

Ricardo had been born in this remote locality and had been brought up in all the superstition of the natives. He heard the glad tidings of the gospel while on a trip many miles from home, at a time when he had become seriously ill with a dreaded fever. A missionary doctor ministered not only to his suffering body but also to his sin-sick soul. As he regained his health he gained something else far more precious—faith in God. Fired with enthusiasm he returned home, eager for his friends and neighbors to share his joy in the worship of the true God.

But his strange new ways of living and worshiping were bitterly resented by the other natives. At first they manifested their resentment by mocking and insulting him. As the months passed by and they realized that Ricardo was earnestly persisting in his efforts to teach them, their attitude of scorn changed to open antagonism and hatred, even to the point of threatening him with physical violence.

Realizing that his very life might be in danger, Ricardo had attempted to protect his family by insisting that his daughter and his wife, who was in poor health, seek refuge at the mission station some distance away. There he felt that not only would they be safer but his wife could receive needed medical attention.

The eight-year-old daughter, Marita, begged to be allowed to stay with her father. Dreading the loneliness that the absence of his little family would bring, Ricardo reluctantly consented to let the child remain with him. Marita was the pride of his heart.

As he went about his work one morning, he was singing in his hearty bass voice, "*Gran gozo hay en mi alma hoy. Jesus conmigo esta.*" There truly was sunshine in his soul, and he was determined to devote his whole life to bringing that sunshine into other lives darkened by sin.

Marita came skipping up. "When will

mother be back?" she asked looking up at her father wistfully.

For a moment Ricardo regarded his daughter with pride and affection in his dark eyes and then answered gravely, "I cannot tell, Marita. Perhaps it will be some time yet before she will be strong enough and it will be safe for her to return here. We must not forget to pray for her. We should also pray that God will soften the hearts of our people and take away their bitterness, so that they may receive the light of the gospel."

"Why don't we go away, too, and be where mother is?" persisted Marita.

"My child," Ricardo answered slowly, "when such a great joy comes into the life, one cannot keep it to himself; he must share it with others. Our village is far from the mission, and the workers there cannot send a teacher, so I must tell our people the story whether they will listen or not."

Ricardo watched Marita thoughtfully as she went back to her play. "The child misses her mother," he thought. Then he sighed, "Perhaps I should take her to her mother next month." Surely the antagonism against him would soon cease.

One afternoon shortly after that, while he was working near his little home, Ricardo looked up to find himself surrounded by threatening natives armed with clubs and spears. They seized him roughly and dragged him away.

"We warned you, Ramos," they shouted; "now you will pay for your foolishness." Then they beat him unmercifully until he lost consciousness. Leaving him for dead, the mob returned to Ricardo's home, surrounded it, and set fire to it.

Marita had been greatly alarmed when her father had been taken away, and now, even in her terror, she faced the men and begged them to bring him back. The hardened natives only sneered at her and threw her back inside the flaming building.

The flames leaped higher, crackling and blazing. Again and again the child appeared in the doorway pleading to be rescued; her cries struck no responsive note in the hearts of her murderers. Hatred and contempt were written on their evil faces. Suddenly, with a sickening crash, the walls collapsed upon her.

When Ricardo regained consciousness, darkness had fallen. Although every movement was torture for his bruised body, he was possessed of only one desire—to find Marita. Slowly and painfully he made his way toward his home. Dread filled his heart. Would he find his daughter unharmed, or had the cruel natives beaten her, too?

Just at the break of day he reached the place where his home had been. After the first paralyzing shock was passed, Ricardo

started feverishly to search the still warm ruins to find some clue to Marita's fate. After hours of patient search he came upon the charred bones of his little girl. All alone, yet not alone, for his Saviour was by his side, the grief-stricken man buried the remains of his beloved child.

Perhaps you say, "Yes, I would be willing to sacrifice anything for my Master. I would cheerfully go as a missionary to some far-off heathen land. I would gladly lay down my life in the Saviour's service." But, my friend, many Christians are not called upon to make such a spectacular sacrifice. The test of their devotion is in daily living a consistent Christian life.

Margaret Shannon, nicknamed Gret by her family, was the only Seventh-day Adventist attending the Marstown Central High School. The Shannons were newcomers to Marstown, and Gret felt quite alone as she walked up the broad stone steps of the high school that first morning of school in September. How she wished she might attend a Christian academy, but as that was out of the question, she determined to do her very best in the local high school.

Gret was not lonely long. Her eyes sparkled with fun, and her gay laughter seemed to attract friends as if by magic. No boating party on the river or hayride in the country was complete without her vivacious charm.

Her schoolmates soon learned that Gret's religious convictions would not allow her to participate in some of their pleasures. They found, too, that it was useless to urge her, for she was always firm in her refusal. However, it sometimes seemed more than she could stand to see her gay young crowd go off to cheer their basketball team at the Friday night game, or be a passive listener when her girl friends discussed their dresses for the annual spring prom—the biggest social event of the year.

Hard though it was to stand for her convictions, Gret received in return the deep respect of both faculty and students. She was elected by an overwhelming vote to serve on the debating team, as president of the Student Association, and as editor of the school paper.

The greatest test of Margaret Shannon's character was yet to come. Her senior year at Marstown High had been a brilliant succession of achievements. She was the valedictorian of her class, and spent hours in diligent preparation of her part on the program. Then the blow fell! Commencement exercises were scheduled for Friday evening.

With a heavy heart Gret went to the administrative offices and explained that it would be impossible for her to attend. The principal of the school urged her to forget her religious scruples "just this once," arguing that the commencement exercises would be comparable to a religious service. Surely she could not foolishly sacrifice the great honor that was hers after four years of hard work.

Gret could and did sacrifice the honor. After four years of faithful witnessing for her Master she was not going to yield for the sake of any personal recognition. Even though, when her class marched up the aisle to receive their diplomas, she was not among them, a great peace filled her heart.

Gret is a gray-haired woman now, but that lesson has proved valuable through the years that have passed since the incident. Her life is an example to others of consecration and sacrifice as she lives her religion day by day.



Juniors..

Did Angels Awaken Him?

By SHIRLEY HUENERGARDT

JACK, I want you to take the wagon and go to town today. Yes, I know the roads are steep, and the wagon seat is much too high for you, but you are fourteen years old now, and you can manage the trip without difficulty." These words of his father kept ringing in Jack's ears as he was hitching up the team that bright summer morning.

This young lad lived on a ranch in the Oregon country. The scenery around the family home was beautiful and peaceful. The surrounding mountains covered with their trees made an enchanting sight. This fourteen-year-old lad was a good boy and a great help to his father. Every so often it was necessary for a trip to be made to town, some distance away, for supplies. There was much to be done at home, and both of them could not be spared; so this time Jack was chosen for the shopping journey. The boy really dreaded the steepness of those hills that lay between him and the town where the horses must have the help of a brake handled by the driver to hold back the load, but he hurriedly got the horses ready, and after bidding his folks good-by was on his way.

The wagon was an old-type one with a high seat. In fact, the seat was much too high for Jack; it was impossible for him to reach the floorboard and the brake with his feet without a great deal of exertion. His legs got very tired dangling down awkwardly without a resting place, but he knew there was no other wagon to be had, so he settled back in the seat and made himself as comfortable as possible while the horses trotted along. When they reached the hills he carefully guided them around the boulders and down the other side of the slope until they finally reached the village, late at night. The horses were unhitched and put into the barn at a friend's place, and the tired boy went to bed.

Early the next morning, anxious to be off for home, he set about the task of filling the wagon with the required load.

"So you're the driver for the family now, son," smiled Mr. Greggs at the grocery store, as he and Jack loaded on the several sacks of flour, sugar, salt, and many of the necessary things on the list to be taken home as supplies for the weeks to follow. There were so many friends whom Jack had not seen for a long time that he found it easy to waste time here and there visiting. He quickly took himself to task,

and from one store to another trudged the businesslike boy, feeling the weight of family affairs on his shoulders as from the long list which his father had given him he marked off item after item. By the time the wagon was loaded, the team hitched, and all was ready to go, it was

Pitching CLAY BALLS

By WELDON TAYLOR HAMMOND

Dedicated to an industrious boy of my acquaintance who was willing to stand all day by an ore mine belt, separating clay balls from the ore, rather than idle his time away.

A boy stood on the washer deck,
Pitching clay balls by the peck.
The muddy sweat trekked down his neck
And o'er his body ran.
His work was irksome, hard, and rough,
But "Earnest Worker" had the stuff,
So that this task was not enough
To faze the little man!

Stick to it, boy; you're doing fine!
The lessons learned at that ore mine
Are calculated yet to shine
In greater, nobler deeds.
Hard work was never known to kill,
And lazy boys who just sit still
Will find it quite a bitter pill
To reap a crop of weeds.

Weeds are not fit to eat, you know;
In fact, we wish they wouldn't grow;
But I just thought I'd tell you so,
To magnify the gain.
Though clay-ball pitching makes you sweat,
In later years you'll not regret—
The task your youthful vigor met—
When reaping golden grain!

about three o'clock in the afternoon. Wearily he climbed into the wagon and started out. As the horses were rested they trotted down the trail at a steady pace. Jack leaned back in the seat of the wagon. How he dreaded that long trip! It was so far, and it would be late at night—or early morning—when he arrived home.

The twitter of mountain birds through this wooded area was truly enchanting entertainment and lightened the dragging hours. Johnny-jump-ups, shooting stars, and dogtooth violets challenged the lad's dreamy thoughts to follow them into a veritable fairyland. Pinks, blues, yellows, orchid shades, in places almost carpeting the forest roadside, were a pleasant setting for the boy's companionship with the birds and squirrels and chipmunks. As he thought back over the duties of the day he heaved a sigh of relief that it was all done. "I hope father will be pleased with the bargains I made. I wonder if I should have started back today, or would it have been better to wait till morning." These and many other thoughts ran through his brain as the horses trudged on over the dusty road.

Dusk came and the birds ceased their singing. All was peaceful save the hoot of an owl now and then. The sun made the clouds blush a little as she demurely crept behind the hills and said good night to all. Here and there a star peeked out from her hiding place and winked at Jack, so he imagined. A big full moon slid silently over the hills and landed in a pool of deep blue, filled with stars.

The horses trudged on. All Jack could hear was the clip-clop of their hoofs. The road seemed endless, and Jack was sleepy. The man in the moon seemed to be smiling at one who was so tired when he himself had just begun his course for the night. "I must stay awake," Jack thought. "Those hills are ahead. I must stay awake!" Once more he jerked up his head from an unconscious nose dive. Again and again he caught himself napping and exerted all his will power to stay awake. But his eyelids refused to stay open unless they were propped, it seemed. Time and again he pinched himself and moved about in the seat, but all was in vain. The sound of the horses hoofs and the stillness of night were too much for him. Again his head nodded, and at last it fell to his shoulder and remained there. Yes, Jack was fast asleep! Not far ahead lay unseen dangers—the treacherous roads, the steep hills, the great boulders! The horses had traveled these roads so many times there was no danger of their losing the way, but it would be impossible for them to hold back the wagon on the second mountain decline without Jack's help.

Soon they reached the hills and slowly made their way up the first incline and carefully down the other side. They were coming closer, closer to the dangerous road ahead, but the boy slept on. The horses soon reached the top of the second hill. Ahead lay grave dangers. The small boy asleep on his high seat was sure to be dashed onto the rocks. Suddenly, like a flash, something sharp brushed under Jack's nose just as if a branch of a tree overhanging the road had brushed across his face. With a start he awoke and, realizing where he was, he threw on the brakes with all his might just in time to save the horses, wagon, and all from catastrophe. Carefully he guided the horses around the boulders, and soon they were safe at home. But what was it that had brushed his face to awaken him?

Many times thereafter Jack made similar trips over the same road, and each time he watched carefully for a tree or something along the way that could have awakened him in this strange manner, but he was never able to solve the mystery. Again and again he is impressed with the truth of that wonderful statement in Hebrews that the angels are ministering spirits sent to minister to those who will be heirs of salvation. As Jack has grown older, this text and this wonderful experience have lived with him, and as he comes to the boulders in life's way he remembers that the angels of God are with him just as they were on that eventful night in the mountains when he was only fourteen.

Ask in Faith

(Continued from page 8)

about to enter the door of the hotel lobby, I saw a Red Cross nurse entering hurriedly with an envelope in her hand. I had a presentiment that she was looking for me, so I went to her and inquired. With wide eyes she asked, "Are you Mr. Moscoso?" I said that I was. Immediately she turned and told me to follow her. We got into her car and about fifteen minutes later she stopped in front of the hotel where my family was. My wife had also been searching for me and had asked the Red Cross to help her. I looked at my watch, and it was 9:55 A.M. Did I not ask God to bring me to my family not later than ten o'clock that morning? Could it be coincidence? No! it was a direct answer to my earnest prayer. Oh, God is wonderful! I thank Him for the privilege of prayer.

It was already October 3, and the following day would be registration day at Pacific Union College. We started for the college, and upon our arrival, I went to see the business manager about a house to rent. With sympathy on his face he said, "I am sorry, but it is next to impossible to get a house to rent in Angwin at this time." Right away I breathed an earnest prayer to make the impossible possible. As the manager and I went down we met Mrs. W. B. Taylor, who, upon learning of the difficulty, offered her house to us. The fact that she had been unable to assist four other persons who had been looking for a house shows that the hand of God was in the matter. I asked Mrs. Taylor what made her change her mind, and she replied, "It must have been God."

We will continually honor and praise Him for all the wonderful goodness He has showered upon us. My family and I are dedicating ourselves to the glory of

His name. Our daily prayer is, "Lord, take us as wholly Thine. Mold us and use us according to Thy good pleasure."

"God answers prayer. Sometimes, when hearts are weak, He gives the very gifts believers seek. But often faith must learn a deeper rest, And trust God's silence when He does not speak; For He whose name is Love will send the best. Stars may burn out, nor mountain walls endure; But God is true. His promises are sure To those who seek."

The \$200,000,000 Question

(Continued from page 6)

"Servants of God, with their faces lighted up and shining with holy consecration, will hasten from place to place to proclaim the message from heaven. . . . Miracles will be wrought, the sick will be healed, and signs and wonders will follow the believers."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 611, 612. (Italics mine.)

Now, when Jesus spoke of this time, He also spoke a warning, "Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there; believe it not. For there shall arise false christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; inasmuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." Matt. 24:23, 24. So it is when God has decided that the time for the climax of the earth's history has come that the forces of good and evil will both pour forth upon the earth. The feeble demonstrations of the séance room will be multiplied a thousandfold in power. Of this the Spirit of prophecy wrote, "Satan also works with lying wonders, even bringing down fire from heaven in the sight of men. Thus the inhabitants of the earth will be brought to take their stand."—*Ibid.*, p. 612.

The table-tipping trivialities of the spiritualistic séance today are not what Satan would present to us if he had his



Original puzzles, acrostics, anagrams, cryptograms, word transformations, quizzes, short lists of unusual questions—anything that will add interest to this feature corner—will be considered for publication. Subjects limited to Bible, denominational history, nature, and geography. All material must be typewritten. Address Editor, "Youth's Instructor," Takoma Park 12, D.C.

Bible Cryptogram

WHEN Jesus was about to leave His disciples He made them a wonderful promise. Even though He could no longer be with them in person He would send a substitute to cheer and help them. To find the hidden word remember that the code letter indicates Old or New Testament: A the old, B the new; the first number following it refers to the book of that Testament numbered in the order given in your Bible; the second numbers indicate the chapter; the third, the verse; the fourth, the word in the verse. Put the first letters of these words together, and you will find the code word for which you are searching.

B-4-15-10-5; A-1-41-45-20; A-5-10-1-26; B-4-18-32-8; A-24-4-31-8; B-20-1-26-9; A-23-55-8-3; B-5-11-22-9; A-18-4-10-2.

way. In the counsels of evil he is now preparing his devices for the decisive hour in which he can work his will for a brief time. If many are deceived by his trickery today, multitudes will fall down and worship him in the days to come.

Will you be deceived? Not if you fortify yourself with the sound knowledge of the truth, and cling to it. Not if you fly from contamination with false doctrines of devils which are now entrapping so many people all around us. Leave the dangerous experiments of spirit seekers alone! Do not tamper with ouija boards, crystal-gazers, or astrologers. They are the devil's toys to hold the fascinated gaze of foolish humans until the day when he can unsheathe the real weapons of his armory. Silly though they may seem, they are the enchained devices of the evil one—one who never wishes you well.

And remember—you need not be fearful for the future if you shun these things. The day of the devil's power is the day of God's power, and God's power is always. The way in which you relate yourself to these questions will determine whether you will be caught in the toils of the evil one or permitted with the utterance of the name of Jesus to summon the mighty power of the angels of light.

Quit You Like Men!

(Continued from page 1)

himself like a hero! Such conduct will be the fruition, not of chance, but of careful self-discipline and application at every step—a discipline motivated by the timeless standards of the living God.

It takes men of steel to accomplish such things today. It takes leadership of the dynamic type to win through. It requires a surrender of the entire being to the one pure objective. It requires an expendability that does not falter.

If you are to succeed, your success will be traceable to a way of life increasingly unpopular with the world at large, yet inevitably victorious in Christ. The living out of the abundant life requires strong motivation.

The Axis political philosophies of Europe and Asia have capitalized on motivation. The *kami-kaze*, or "divine wind," doctrine of Japan is a perverted motivating force, demanding all or nothing. Almost seven hundred years ago Kublai Kahn, founder of the Mongol dynasty of China, swept to the very shores of Nippon. The emperor, Kameyama, prayed for divine interference, and lo, the *kami-kaze*, divine wind, accommodated. Twice the Mongols set out in ships to conquer the rich island kingdom, and twice, according to the Japanese history, the divine wind frustrated the enemy.

At the present time, in another hour of great crisis, the *kami-kaze* suicide corps is motivated or inspired by the divine wind of fanaticism. The announced objective of the members of the corps attached to the air force is to crash an airplane filled with explosives into an American warship, thereby sinking it. One airplane is well spent, so figure the Japanese war lords, when it can sink one enemy ship. The avowed aim of the corps is never to return from an attack. The words spoken in the ears of the pilots assigned to death, at the time of the final take-off, are these:

"The eyes of Nippon are upon you; let your life pass for the sake of His Majesty. History will record your immortality."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Strong motivation indeed, but its work is destructive.

How different is the motivation of those who have received the divine inspiration. History provides many examples: a Paul saying, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision"; a Luther saying, "God helping me, I can do no other"; a Lincoln saying, "I'll get ready and my time will come." Theirs was the pledge to live in a work of salvation, not to die in a work of destruction.

To quit oneself like a man does not always place one's name in the *Who's Who*; but it does yield the maximum joy that humanity can experience; it does place its possessor among those who were called by the divine Teacher "the salt of the earth"; it does force upon the hearts of our enemies the sentiments expressed by the emperor Julian on his death couch: "Thou hast won, O Galilean!"

Unquestioning loyalty to any cause demands a heavy investment but pays enormous dividends. General Douglas MacArthur made that investment in 1942 when he pledged the people of the Philippines from Bataan and Corregidor, "I will return."

A short time ago in San Francisco I had the high privilege of rebroadcasting to the seventy-two millions of the Netherlands East Indies these words, newly arrived by ether from a beach on Leyte: "I have returned. By the grace of Almighty God our forces stand again on Philippine soil—soil consecrated in the blood of our two peoples. We have come, dedicated and committed to the task of destroying every vestige of enemy control over our daily lives, and of restoring, upon a foundation of indestructible strength, the liberties of the Filipino people."

This was possible only through the investment of three years of hard work, consistent planning, and unswerving determination to stop short of nothing but success. That investment is now beginning to pay dividends.

What do these military successes mean to us as Seventh-day Adventists? They foreshadow a program of rehabilitation unparalleled in our denominational history. Hospitals, schools, and publishing houses in both hemispheres have been totally destroyed, badly damaged, or looted. Workers and members of our churches are scattered. We must build again the walls of present-day Jerusalem. Those who are newly liberated will need years, perhaps, for recovery. Scores of missionaries must return to the homeland, and stronger, younger hands take over. The challenge cannot be by-passed by the members of this class.

As I scan the daily dispatches from the South Pacific I note how frequently military men pay high tribute to mission-trained natives. From the Solomons through Buna, Salamaua, Wewak, Aitape, Hollandia; on to Wake, the Schoutens; up the Vogelkop to Manokwari, Sansapor, Sorong; and still farther to Halmahera, Morotai, Talaud, and Palau and even on to Leyte, Samar, Mindoro, Luzon—the indigenous Christians constitute a reservoir of good will.

One thing I know—the most spectacular opportunities ever offered Adventist young people will accompany the cessation of hostilities. The destruction has been appalling; the reconstruction task will be gigantic. You are the rehabilitators. Your youth, your enthusiasm, your training, and above all, your unreserved consecration, must fill the breach. May we not apply to

the situation of this very moment the words of Isaiah, "Thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach."

From this college my wife and I went to Singapore to establish another unique school, after the same pattern. The Malayan Seminary consumed eleven years of our youth. It grew into one of that city's flourishing institutions, teeming with thirty nationalities. Its graduates spread over many of the adjacent islands and several of the continents, giving of their youth and of their spirit. Then war and destruction came, and the buildings were leveled, but the instruction in the hearts and minds of thousands of the young folk of Asia remains intact and safe. And the Malayan Seminary will rise again! The youth of this persuasion quit themselves like men!

Class of 1945, lose yourselves in an all-consuming consecration to the work at hand. Lose most of your ego—conceit is still "God's gift to little men." Do not feel that your days of study are to end with the frantic onomatomania that precedes those last spring finals.

If you are entering the teaching profession, you will discover that study is the major half of teaching—if you are to be of the type of teacher who lives in the memory and hearts of his students. If you are to be a physician-surgeon, even after the degree is yours a lifetime of study lies ahead—if you are to be a successful healer of the bodies and souls of men. If you are headed for the ministry, you are facing the endless endeavor to approximate the success of the Master by a constant study of His life and methods. You must go "all out" for success.

The other day, while standing in line at a San Francisco bank to cash my check, I read it through carefully for the very first time. There are really many things on that form besides figures. My interest had never carried me further before than the dollars-and-cents line. There is a sentence at the bottom of the present Government card-check, applicable to the religious spirit you have imbibed here. It reads, "Do not fold, spindle, or mutilate." Our religious spirit after graduation might be folded up and put out of sight; it might be spindled or rolled up tightly until it could not readily be recognized even as Christianity; it might be maliciously mutilated and rendered worthless. Seniors, "do not fold, spindle, or mutilate."

For your enlightenment may I make bold to say that wisdom will not perish with you, and probably there are many things you do not know? Yet you have the right to expect great things of yourself. Your Alma Mater has the right to expect great things of you. Your nation has a right to expect great things of you. The world—perplexed, harassed, and war torn—has a right to expect great things of you. God has a right to expect great things of you. Quit you like men!

"I Will Guide Thee . . .

(Continued from page 9)

mound of flesh diminished very rapidly, and soon had gone altogether, nothing remaining but bones and refuse. The disappointed natives, that is, those who could not get near enough to help themselves to the meat or did not get enough to satisfy them, began to attack their fellows, who apparently had fared better. But for the timely

(Continued on page 14)

10TH PARAGRAPHS

RECENTLY I received a letter from a soldier in service abroad. He closed with these words; which he had found in an old book: "I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something. And what I can do, by the grace of God I will do!" That is a fine motto for all of us to keep in front of our eyes. —DR. FRED TIFFANY.

IN the morning, when you awake, accustom yourself to think first upon God, or something in order to His service; and at night also let Him close thine eyes, and let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time beyond the needs and conveniences of nature; and sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east! —JEREMY TAYLOR.

ONE day last summer I wanted to go fishing across the lake from my camp on Lake Champlain. I could not get my outboard motor going, however, and after I had fussed and fumed for a while, finally decided to fish on my own shore. I caught more fish there than I ever had caught across the lake. Things often happen that way. We do not see what fine possibilities lie in the commonplace things near at hand. It is important to keep our eyes wide open, and our hearts ready to respond to every opportunity. —DR. JAMES ELLENWOOD.

THE carrying of a tale and reporting what such a one said or such a one did, is the way to sow such grudges, to kindle such heartburnings between persons, as oftentimes break forth into flame, to the consumption of families, courts, and perhaps at length of cities and kingdoms. The mischief such incendiaries do is incredible, as being indeed for the most part inevitable. And a vine or a rose tree may as well flourish when there is a secret worm lurking and gnawing at the root of them, as the peace of those societies thrive that have such concealed plagues wrapped up in their hearts. —DR. SOUTH.

THE REVEREND HENRY HOWARD tells how once, while preaching in Brighton, England, he was trying to get up a sermon for children on the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." He said to himself, "What has the heart got to do with seeing?" Then he went to the telephone and rang up the principal doctor and asked him if there was any disease of the heart that affected the eyes. "Oh," replied the doctor, "certainly, Mr. Howard, there is. We call it a 'dirty heart'!" Then the clergyman asked him for particulars, and he explained that it is a disease in which ulcers form on the inner walls of the heart. There is no pain, but the blood vessels of the eyes become affected, the eyes are bloodshot, and if there is nothing done to effect a cure, the blood vessels burst and the person becomes blind. "Ah," said the preacher to himself as he contemplated these facts, "a clean heart! A clear vision! You cannot have one without the other!" —A. J. RIDGEWAY.

"I Will Guide Thee . . .

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interference of Europeans, there would undoubtedly have been a serious fight.

Inquiring the meaning of it all, Robert learned that the flesh of the hippopotamus is a rare delicacy to these primitive people who seldom are able to have flesh meat of any kind.

(To be continued)

Her Reward

(Continued from page 4)

some simple hymns. The little girl loved to lie quietly and sing "Jesus Loves Me," which she said was her favorite.

The girl gradually improved and finally was able to move her legs just a few inches underneath the blankets. She often talked of the time when she would be able to walk and run and jump like other children. Sometimes she got so excited about it that she almost forgot she was still in bed.

"I just *know* Jesus is helping me to get better, Miss Burton," she told Jane one

day. "When I go home I'm going to tell everybody about Jesus."

Jane's eyes dimmed as she turned away. If everybody in the world would feel the eager enthusiasm of this little Mexican girl, what a different place it would be!

Weeks passed. Jane went about her work much as usual. One morning she had occasion to stop at the superintendent's office. The dignified nurse turned from her telephone and began the conversation before Jane had opportunity to tell of her errand.

"Tell me," Miss McLaren began, "just what does your church teach? This is my first direct contact with Seventh-day Adventists. I am interested in the different phases of your work. Won't you tell me something of it?"

"I will do the best I can, Miss McLaren," Jane answered, somewhat surprised. "Is there some specific line you would like to hear about?"

"I understand that you have an excellent educational and medical work. Would you describe this more fully?"

"Well, we have colleges and academies all over the world. They teach the regular educational courses as outlined by the

state, and in addition give instruction in the Bible."

"That seems to be a good idea," Miss McLaren commented. "I think our young people today ought to know more about the Bible."

"Our colleges give a prenursing course," continued Jane, "which aids both the nurse and the nursing school in which she takes her training."

"That is extremely interesting, Miss Burton. You really have a good idea there. I want you to know that I appreciate your work here in our hospital. Sometime I would like to hear more about your organization."

"Thank you, Miss McLaren," Jane answered. How happy she was that she belonged to such an organization—one of which she could be justly proud.

What do you consider as rewards? Financial success? Professional achievement? Oh, no, they do not comprise true rewards. "Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart. So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man." What greater happiness could come to any person than to know that his life has found "favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man"?

Two years had slipped by since Jane's graduation. Much of life's happiness and satisfaction had come to her in her endeavor to keep in close contact with God's plan for her life. Many doubts and uncertainties had been wiped away. As her reverie came to an end with a call back to duty she determined to make sure of the reward of all rewards—the crown of life "that fadeth not away."



By ROBERT M. ELDRIDGE

Have a pencil at hand when you read this, and check the photo errors as they appear in the sad little story of Phil Photoman, the pathetic picturemaker. A good score is twenty-three errors, not including the writing of this story.

PHIL was facing his big photographic opportunity, namely, the occasion of his son's second birthday, to be celebrated with a big cake and everything to make it a memorable event. Wishing to make certain of good picture results with which to establish his reputation for photo skill among his friends, he chose from among his several cameras an 8" x 10" swingback type, with rising-and-falling front. This would make it unnecessary to enlarge his pictures, and he could follow the "jumping Jack" antics of the boy that much easier. Since it is always a good idea to check equipment carefully before squaring off to an opportunity of this magnitude, Phil pulled out the lens tube and polished it. Then, noticing that the lens was not clean, he took it apart and boiled each of the six pieces to remove all stains, dried them on his coat lapel, and slipped them into the safety of his pocket while he turned his attention to the shutter. This was sticking somewhat, but a drop or two of fine machine oil remedied that. When he replaced the various lens elements, it seemed that there was one piece left over, which he carefully wrapped in cotton and put away in a box for future use.

Now that the camera was in good shape, he was ready for the shooting, having previously supplied himself with a supersensitive film pack, a flash gun, and coupled rangefinder. In planning the composition of his picture he decided to have the boy stand on the hall stairway, holding the cake in one hand and lighting the candles with the other. When the scene was ready

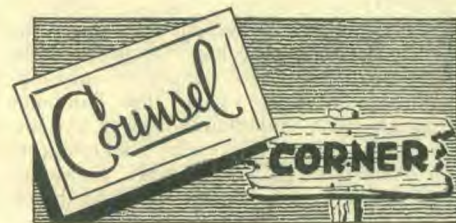
he slipped in the film pack, lifted the camera to his eye, and, shouting threats to attract the child's attention, he tripped the shutter at just the critical split second. Then away he rushed to his darkroom, assured in his soul that he had at last captured the picture that would have the critics agog. Quickly slipping the film out of the pack and loading it into the daylight-developing tank, he turned off the lights and let the precious shot develop in the hypo for twenty-three minutes, at 58° F. Washing and drying were a matter of two or three more minutes, and then he was ready to view his negative. With bated breath he held the film up to the light, only to find to his utter dismay that it was totally black—no image whatever! With a groan of complete discouragement he dumped his chemicals down the drain and vowed he would never take another picture as long as he lived.

1. Smaller camera would be better.
2. Rising-and-falling front is not for catching up-and-down movement of subject.
3. 8" x 10" camera has no lens tube, and the tube would not need polishing in any case.
4. Lens would have three or four elements, and of course should not be boiled.
5. Lens should be cleaned with soft brush, tissue, or soft, laundered handkerchief.
6. Lens elements would become scratched and chipped if put into pocket together.
7. Shutter leaves should never be oiled.
8. Leaving out a lens element would make the lens unusable.
9. A camera of this size does not take film pack.
10. A flash gun is of no use without bulbs.
11. This camera will not use a coupled rangefinder.
12. A two-year-old could not hold a big cake in one hand, and should not be given a match for lighting the candles.
13. Even if the camera used film pack he could not see to focus his lens with the pack in place; and he did not focus the lens at all anyway.
14. An 8" x 10" is not a hand camera.
15. Shouting threats is no way to get good expression.
16. He forgot to pull the slide.
17. Darkroom lights should be off before taking film from the pack, and after the tank is loaded lights may be on.
18. Film does not develop in hypo, and the time was too long and the hypo too cold.
19. He forgot to fix the film.
20. Washing and drying take more than two or three minutes.
21. The negative could have been viewed before it was washed and dried.
22. Negative would be clear instead of black, having been put into the hypo undeveloped.
23. Nobody should ever make a vow like that.

A Victory Garden

(Continued from page 3)

too heavy to bear, Jesus is always there to give His limitless strength to the striving, praying Christian. And with every victory gained, with every new temptation overcome, what a welling tide of joy and praise and gratitude to an ever-present, ever-loving Saviour fills the soul! When, at the end of the day, you kneel for your final talk with God, you can say, "Father, today I have walked with Thee; today my hand has been always in Thine. Thou hast led me all the way and given me the victory." Then with me you can thank your heavenly Father for a real Victory garden.



Is it all right to distribute missionary literature on Sabbath?

The question often arises among our faithful Sabbathkeepers. We understand that when this is entered upon in the right spirit, in prayer, it is in full keeping with proper Sabbath observance. We believe, however, that it is wrong to sell any of our literature on the Sabbath, no matter how good the objective might be, and we dis-

courage the idea of doing Ingathering during the Sabbath hours. We do not believe that God is pleased with this activity on His holy day.

In giving literature out, whether it be books, tracts, or periodicals, we should not take this time from the regular Sabbath service hours, such as Sabbath school, preaching service, or Missionary Volunteer meeting, when we have the privilege of attending these services. In other words, a part of the Sabbath time belongs to God in public devotion, gathering with His people, and some time should be taken in private devotion, reading the Scriptures and praying.

It would be proper for us to spend some time on Friday evening or during the Sabbath day distributing our third-angel's message-filled literature or giving Bible studies and not only keep the Sabbath but get a rich and lasting blessing from God in so doing.

W. A. BUTLER.



SENIOR YOUTH

IV—Unity and Peace in Christ

(April 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ephesians 2:11-22.

MEMORY VERSE: Ephesians 2:13.

LESSON HELPS: *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 386-389 (new ed., pp. 392-395); *Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 19-21.

1. What did Paul exhort the Ephesian brethren to remember? Eph. 2:11.

2. In what five ways does he picture the hopelessness of those who have not Christ? Verse 12.

NOTE.—(1) "Without Christ" ("separate from," A.R.V.), in whom all fullness dwells; (2) "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel" ("alienated from," A.R.V.); (3) and therefore "strangers from the covenants of promise"—of the promise literally, the great promise to Abraham centering in Christ, the Seed; (4) "having no hope"—sinful man has neither hope in himself nor in his fellows (Ps. 146:3, 5); (5) "without God in the world." Go over these five points and note that any one of them will keep us out of the kingdom of God.

3. Through what agency is the believer "made nigh" to Christ? Verse 13.

NOTE.—"There is but one power that can break the hold of evil from the hearts of men, and that is the power of God in Jesus Christ. Only through the blood of the Crucified One is there cleansing from sin."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VIII, p. 291.

4. How broad is the plan of salvation? Acts 17:24-30.

5. What has Christ brought to us? Eph. 2:14, first part.

6. By what means are men of all nations united? Verse 14, last part; 15, 16; Gal. 3:28.

NOTE.—"No distinction on account of nationality, race, or caste, is recognized by God. He is the Maker of all mankind. All men are of one family by creation, and all are one through redemption. Christ came to demolish every wall of partition, to throw open every compartment of the temple courts, that every soul may have free access to God. . . . In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 369, 370.

"The law of commandments" in verse 15 refers to the ceremonial laws.

7. What work was accomplished for all men by Christ? As a result of His sacrifice what message is sent to the world? Eph. 2:16, 17.

NOTE.—"It was Satan's purpose to bring about an eternal separation between God and man; but in

Christ we become more closely united to God than if we had never fallen. In taking our nature, the Saviour has bound Himself to humanity by a tie that is never to be broken."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 25.

"He who spoke peace to the billows of Galilee, has spoken the word of peace for every soul."—*Ibid.*, p. 337.

"But real peace can never be secured by compromising principle. And no man can be true to principle without exciting opposition."—*Ibid.*, p. 356.

"In the heart of Christ, where reigned perfect harmony with God, there was perfect peace. He was never elated by applause, nor dejected by censure or disappointment."—*Ibid.*, p. 330.

8. How do both Jew and Gentile have access to God? Of what are we then assured? Verses 18, 19; 1 Cor. 12:13.

NOTE.—Through Jesus we all have access by one Spirit to the Father. The Spirit binds believers to God, and by the strongest bond to each other.

9. Upon what are these members of the household of God built? Eph. 2:20.

10. What effect has this wonderful cornerstone on the building? Verse 21.

NOTE.—"Christ, the true foundation, is a living stone; His life is imparted to all that are built upon Him. . . . The stones become one with the foundation; for a common life dwells in all."—*Mount of Blessing*, p. 216.

11. For what purpose are we builded together? Verse 22.

NOTE.—It is of vital importance whether or not we are in God's building, whether or not we have with all our heart accepted His measure of character written in the book of life, and whether or not we have given ourselves to Him to be fitted for the place, the name, the crown, that belong to the character.

"Because of sin, humanity ceased to be a temple for God. Darkened and defiled by evil, the heart of man no longer revealed the glory of the divine One. But by the incarnation of the Son of God, the purpose of Heaven is fulfilled. God dwells in humanity, and through saving grace the heart of man becomes again His temple."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 161.

JUNIOR

IV—Life in Jesus

(April 28)

LESSON TEXT: Ephesians 2:11-22.

MEMORY VERSE: "Now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." Eph. 2:13.

Guiding Thought

"O build on the Rock, forever sure,
The firm and the true foundation;
Its hope is the hope which shall endure—
The hope of our salvation."

—F. E. BELDEN.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text.

Study the memory verse.

God "is the Maker of all mankind. All men are of one family by creation, and all are one through redemption . . . that every soul may have free access to God."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 386.

ASSIGNMENT 2

Read Ephesians 2:11-13.

1. What is the condition of those who do not know Jesus as their Saviour? Verses 11, 12.

Answer.—Those who do not know Jesus are without hope and without God.

NOTE.—Israel had rejected Jesus and the preaching of the apostles; so the message of salvation was carried to the Gentiles. The Gentiles were all who were not Israelites. So now God sends His message of love to everyone, no matter his color nor the country in which he lives. Read Acts 17:26, 27.

2. What makes us one with Jesus and with all others? Eph. 2:13.

NOTE.—"Through the power of Christ men and women have broken the chains of sinful habit. . . . A change wrought by the Word, it is one of the deepest mysteries of the Word. We cannot understand it; we can only believe, as declared by

the Scriptures, it is 'Christ in you, the hope of glory.'"—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 476.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 3

Read Ephesians 2:14-16.

3. What is Jesus to those who believe? Verse 14, first part.

4. How has He made all men brothers? Verse 14, last part; 15, 16.

NOTE.—"The life of Christ established a religion in which there is no caste, a religion by which Jew and Gentile, free and bond, are linked in a common brotherhood, equal before God."—*Testimonies*, Vol. IX, p. 191.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 4

Read John 17:21-23.

5. What was Jesus' prayer for His disciples as well as for us? John 17:21-23.

6. In whom are we to be one? Verse 21, first part.

NOTE.—"Strive earnestly for unity. Pray for it, work for it. . . . Esteem others better than yourselves. Thus you will be brought into oneness with Christ."—*Testimonies*, Vol. IX, p. 188.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 5

Read Ephesians 2:17-19.

7. What has Christ done for all? Verses 17, 18.

Answer.—He has made us one in Him.

NOTE.—"It was Satan's purpose to bring about an eternal separation between God and man; but in Christ we become more closely united to God than if we had never fallen. In taking our nature, the Saviour has bound Himself to humanity by a tie that is never to be broken."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 25.

8. How may all be united with one another? Verse 19; 1 Cor. 12:12, 13; Rom. 12:5, 10.

NOTE.—When we are fully one with Jesus, as our arms are with our bodies, we shall become one with all who also have accepted Him.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 6

Read Ephesians 2:20-22.

Jesus is not only our Saviour from sin, the head of the church; He is also the foundation upon which the church is built.

9. What is the foundation upon which the church is built? Eph. 2:20; 1 Cor. 3:11.

NOTE.—"Christ, the true foundation, is a living stone; His life is imparted to all that are built upon Him. . . . The stones become one with the foundation; for a common life dwells in all. That building no tempest can overthrow."—*Mount of Blessing*, p. 216.

10. By whom is the church to grow into a beautiful and holy temple? Heb. 3:18.

11. Why are we made into a holy temple? Eph. 2:22.

Study the memory verse.



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ARE YOU MOVING?

You should notify us in advance of any change of address, as the post office will not forward your papers to you even if you leave a forwarding address. Your compliance in this matter will save delay and expense.

The Listening Post

► A \$2,000,000 plant is being constructed in Sweden to make artificial rubber.

► WATER beetles have wing covers under which they carry a reserve supply of air.

► At an annual rate of one million pounds Peru is producing a new insecticide which is especially suitable for protecting growing cotton from worms and aphids.

► A HUGE new glider, named the Hamilcar, has a wingspread greater than a four-engine bomber, yet can land in a small field. The glider is designed particularly for carrying tanks and is being used by the Allied forces.

► ENTIRELY distinct from soundproofing, something new in postwar living is "sound-conditioning"—the control of sound waves to reduce undesirable noises. New types of acoustical plaster have been developed so that it is possible to "condition" rooms to sounds the same as they now can be conditioned to temperatures.

► CREDIT the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company with the perfection of a new plastic which is not only as flexible as a rubber hose but also practically wearproof. It is so stain resistant when used as a fiber that the light touch of a damp cloth removes ink spots. This versatile plastic is known as Velon and is expected to have a wide variety of uses after the war.

► IRVING BERLIN composed a patriotic song for the Filipinos while on Leyte. He conceived the song, as reported by the *New York Times*, while listening to a group of soft-voiced natives singing as they marched toward the front. They had substituted the word "Philippines" for the word "America" in his well-known "God Bless America." Mr. Berlin decided they should have a song of their very own.

► A NEW "organic law of the army" in Argentina has the fundamental characteristic that it established the duty of all citizens, regardless of sex, and from twelve years of age onward, to prepare themselves for the defense of their country. Actual military service is reserved for males. But girls, beginning at the age of twelve, will be prepared for and later incorporated in various women's auxiliary services.

► TWENTY-FIVE giant new-type steam locomotives for freight service are being built by the Pennsylvania Railroad to draw wartime trains of 125 loaded cars at speeds in excess of 50 miles an hour. The locomotive and tender is 124 feet 7 inches long, 16 feet 5 inches high, and weighs more than one million pounds. It can make continuous runs without stopping for coal, for the tender will carry 40 tons of coal and 19,000 gallons of water. The locomotive is identified as Type Q2.

► AFTER various experiments with sundry materials and devices, including "a pair of melted-down false teeth," Reginald E. Beauchamp, a display artist of Mount Airy, Pennsylvania, has proved that the impossible can be done. He has made a simple, inexpensive device which serves as an excellent compass for the blind. It is really "a plastic wood ball containing two balanced magnets separated by a small aluminum disk. An ordinary dress snap attached to the outside acts as a pointer. The ball is suspended by a nylon cord two and one-half inches long." The blind user grasps a bead at the end of the cord, lets the ball revolve freely until motion dies down, then closes his hand on it, touches the pointer, and knows instantly which direction is north.

► NEARLY 24,000 articles—ranging from railroad lanterns to lipsticks—with a total value of \$21,000, were lost by streetcar passengers in the United States last year. Owners recovered over half of the lost items, as well as \$20,000 in cash found by the operators. Bonds and checks amounting to almost \$10,000 were left behind by forgetful riders. There were 4,437 umbrellas found—the article most frequently left behind aside from money. Gloves, knives, false teeth, tools, raincoats, rubbers, miscellaneous clothing, pocketbooks, and wallets including unset diamonds were forgotten! One woman twice recovered her lost purse containing \$500 in cash.

► BRITISH professional and trade bodies are co-operating in a plan by which long-term civilian patients in hospitals will be enabled to study for a career while undergoing treatment. Possible correspondence courses are accounting, baking, banking, estate management, grocery, horticulture, printing, rating and valuation, salesmanship, secretarial work, and transport.

► THE All-Union Institute of Experimental Medicine in the U.S.S.R. has made experiments that place the onion or its brother, garlic, on the lofty pedestal of being one of the most effective bacteria killers known. Just what the bacteria-killing substances are in the oils of these strong-scented vegetables that are so deadly no one yet knows but they have been called phytoncides.

► Do not cut roses early in the morning if you want them to last a long time. Joseph E. Howland, Cornell University floriculturist, says that experiments carried on in Ithaca, New York, have proved that late afternoon is by far the most preferable cutting time. Blooms cut then will last at least ten hours longer than those cut in the morning.

► AIRPLANES are at least ten years ahead of airports, and there are only ten in the United States, out of a total of 2,200, which can accommodate planes of the B-29 Superfortress type. Runways up to 7,000 feet long and 200 feet wide will be needed.

► SEVERAL hundred American muskrats, imported from the United States into Siberia in prewar days, acclimated quickly, and their offspring have furnished tens of thousands of skins for Russia in the past few years.

► It is reported that of the 1,300 Japanese-Americans in the 100th Battalion, 1,000 have been wounded or killed.

► FEW people realize that, roughly speaking, sixty-two per cent of the world's population cannot read.

► OF the 225 Congregational churches in London, 160 have been damaged and 60 entirely destroyed.

► OVER 1,000 different chemicals are used in building an army tank and over 2,000 in making a battleship.

► MORE rice is being grown now in South America than can be eaten there. Before the war rice was imported.

► MANY varieties of mosquitoes can fly five miles or more from their breeding places, but the malaria mosquitoes have a flying range, at most, of not more than one mile.

► A POSTWAR prospect of an electric machine which will lighten the work of tomorrow's housewife is a combination washer, wringer, drying cabinet, and ironer that takes care of home washing chores in three hours' time.

► WHILE doctors still will write their prescriptions in Latin, when they look up a drug in the new U.S. Pharmacopoeia, which is scheduled to appear in December of this year, they will find it under its English name, for English titles are to take first place, Latin second place.

► SOMETHING new in windshield wipers! Whirling jets of air under high pressure are substituted for the familiar rubber-edged arm of the automobile windshield wiper. Result? Improved service. To make sure of dislodging ice in winter the inventor has provided for small quantities of alcohol or other nonfreezing fluid to be injected into the air jets.

► ITALIAN children in the areas near the front line who figured that the war would give them an extra vacation from school are being sadly disappointed. Through the efforts of the Allied Military Government, schools are being reopened in towns where recitations are sometimes punctuated by the dull booming of artillery. Re-establishment of schools is about the first job the AMG undertakes after it has taken care of the feeding, clothing, and housing of liberated peoples.

► THE Air Technical Service Command at Wright Field is collecting a library. It already contains 3,000 volumes and is used daily by research engineers assigned to development and experimental projects. Many early books on aviation, some dated as early as 1784, provide valuable historical background, while more recent technical data, American and foreign, are helpful in designing new equipment. In order to accomplish its objective to develop this collection, the ATSC invites the public to contribute pertinent material to the Wright Field Library.

★ ★ HE LEADETH ME ★ ★

This word of testimony comes from the battle front in France: "The closer one comes to the battle zone the more he realizes the results of this raging war; and the greater the trials in this dying world the louder comes the call to repentance. Here is a promise that we need to claim often: In the hour of trial look up into His face and say, 'Lord, I know that you are testing me. I know that you are letting me go through the purging process, but I know that you are not going to allow me to fail.' In a small sense this reminds me of camp meeting, but only in the way we live in tents, wash out of doors, go to chow through lines, etc. The spiritual blessing which goes with camp meeting and is much more important is far from present. We are surely thankful for the prayers that are being offered in our behalf by the various prayer bands, at church altars, in family worship, and by individuals in their private devotions. I am sure that we are being blessed through your prayers, for the Lord hears these petitions and will see those of us who 'walk in the shadow of death' through safely if that is His will for us."